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A World That Cannot Be Shaken

BY ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

And this word, yet once again, signifieth the removing of those things which are shaken, as of things which have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain. Heb. 12:27.

THIS morning I shall try to re-preach an old sermon, a very old sermon. It was preached long before any one of us, even the oldest, was born—probably soon after the destruction of Jerusalem which occurred in the year 70 A. D. Concerning the preacher himself we have no information, excepting only that which we may gain by reading between the lines of his sermon. We know that he had a great mind and a brave heart. We know that he was capable of rising at times to wonderful heights of eloquence and that nothing, apparently, was able to daunt him. More than that we do not know. We do not even know his name. He is as anonymous, and always will be, as the unknown soldier. But dead and nameless though he is, and has been for more than eighteen hundred years, he still speaks—a fact to contemplate.

There *is* something in this world which endures. In his illuminating discussion of poetry, Alfred Noyes calls attention to the fact that although ancient Greece has long since vanished, the song of Homer still lives; although imperial Rome has crumbled into dust, there are passages of Virgil that move us like a living voice; although medieval potentates have long since been forgotten, the song of Dante is heard today; and although from the Elizabethan period but little remains in the recollection of mankind, still speaks that supreme voice which once said concerning a king, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Amid the downfall of kingdoms

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and the dissolution of empires, amid the vanished pomps of yesterday something endures. What is it? Insight, vision, the dreams of prophetic spirits!

> Say never more
> That dreams are fragile things. What else endures
> Of all this broken world save only dreams?

Save only faith and hope and love and the dreams to which they give birth. Save only God who dreams in men and who sees to it that his valiant dreamers do not die; no, though century follows century in which their dreams are unheeded by the selfish potentates and unilluminated masses of mankind.

The preacher whose sermon I shall endeavor though inadequately to re-preach is the great unknown who gave us the so-called "Epistle to the Hebrews" which appears today within the covers of a book which is called the Bible and within the portion of that book which is called the New Testament. But indications are not wanting that originally this "epistle" was a sermon actually preached to a living congregation. For example, in the second chapter you come upon the words, "For the world to come of which I am *speaking*." And in the eleventh chapter, that astonishingly eloquent chapter which calls the roll of the heroes of faith and which someone has aptly named the Westminster Abbey of the Bible, you find the preacher, out of breath, exclaiming, "And what more shall I *say*?" What we have here appears to have been originally a sermon, hot from the heart of a great preacher who, having spoken to his own age with insight and courage, has still something to say to us.

A Preacher Speaks to His Age

Here is a man who was alive when Jerusalem was destroyed at the hands of a Roman army which razed to the ground its historic buildings, leaving hardly one stone upon another, and caused its ancient streets almost literally to run with blood. The destruction of Jerusalem was not only the destruction of a city, it was the death knell of a nation. Imagine London or Paris or Washington in ashes, and the political entities for which they stand forever erased from the face of the earth! The destruction of Jerusalem meant the political extinction of a small but greatly gifted people that had had a national existence for a thousand years and whose patriots had dreamed of a day when their nation would become the cultural and religious center of the world. But what does he do, this first century preacher who was probably a Christianized Jew? In the face of such a catastrophe does he give way to despair? Not he. He recalls what happened in the long ago when the Ten Commandments were first spoken at Sinai, how there were thunders and lightning and a thick cloud enveloped the mountain, and how the whole mountain was violently shaken. He recalls also an ancient prophecy which reads: "For this is what the Lord of Hosts declares: Very soon I will shake the sky, the earth, the sea, and the dry land, and shake all nations till the treasures of all nations are brought hither and my house is filled with splendor."

Then this preacher to a world in the throes of a terrific upheaval proceeds to give his own philosophy of history: There is a world which is visible, the world that men make; and a world also which is invisible, the world that God intends. The visible world which men make is meant to be a copy of that invisible world which God intends; but what an imperfect copy it always is, as all its finest spirits know. *They* always are discontented with the world which is and look longingly for a better world, "a city with fixed foundations whose builder and maker is God." But *they* always are a minority. The majority of mankind are not discontented. They are only too well content with a world which they allow to go from bad to worse until one day there is a great catastrophe. We are now (suggests our first century preacher) in the midst of one such upheaval, and the end is not yet. We are destined to witness a still greater catastrophe, compared to which this present upheaval is as the shaking of a mountain compared to the shaking of a universe. And why do such upheavals occur? Why does God allow them and even cause them to occur? In order that men's eyes may be opened to the awful contrast between the world which they have made and the world which God intends; in order that presently they may see and desire a world that cannot be shaken because it has been formed in accordance with the will of God.

Some Notable "Shake-Ups"

Here is a philosophy of history which is still deserving of serious consideration. In the light of it look at certain upheavals that have occurred in more recent times. Consider the shake-up which occurred in the sixteenth century when an indomitable monk, protesting against the intolerable abuses of a corrupt ecclesiasticism, stood in the midst of dukes and margraves, bishops and archbishops and bravely affirmed, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me." European civilization rocked on its foundations. Millions of people were made to feel horribly insecure and, as a matter of fact, for several generations multitudes were insecure in respect of their property, their liberty, and even their lives. But had not that sixteenth century upheaval been allowed to occur, where today would be any high religion all aflame with ethical insight and social passion, and where today would be any "forward-looking portion of mankind"?

Likewise consider the upheaval which occurred in the eighteenth century, in France especially but in France not only. A Parisian mob battered down the walls of an ancient prison and shook a continent with their watchwords: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. They beheaded a king and a queen—a queen who, when she was informed that thousands of her subjects were hungry and crying for bread, is reported to have shrugged her royal shoulders and asked, "Why do they not eat cake?" They cut off her head, and the heads also of many others who were associated with the old regime. They became intoxicated with the wine of an unaccustomed liberty, they went wild with an unfamiliar power. Yet in the following century a Thomas Carlyle, who deplored its excesses, nevertheless boldly declared that had it not been for the French

revolution he would not have known what to think of God.

In years to come some future Thomas Carlyle may make a similar observation concerning the Russian revolution. The excesses of the Russian revolution no future historian is likely to condone. Like the excesses of the French revolution, they will stand forever, as awful exhibitions of what human nature will do when it is driven by desperation to extremes. But if that old Russia with its intolerable despotism, both political and ecclesiastical; with its selfish aristocracy and its ignorant, unwashed, exploited peasantry; with its rigid censorship and brutal punishments, its cold-

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blooded and repeated miscarriages of justice—if that old Russia had been allowed to remain unshaken very much longer, how difficult it would be today to know what to think of God!

The World Needs to Be Shaken

Today the whole civilized world is in the midst of a terrific upheaval. Even nature appears to be disturbed. Intense, if not unprecedented, heat; prolonged and consecutive droughts; plagues of grasshoppers; fire and flood and tempest and earthquake—all have recently occurred in a world whose human inhabitants are facing what is probably the most serious economic disturbance of which history knows. And in explanation of it all our first century preacher would probably say something like this: The world, to be sure, is being shaken; it needs to be shaken. A world in which, yesterday, millions of men were compelled to sacrifice their lives in vain and in which, today, other millions are denied employment, needs to be shaken and will continue to be shaken until men begin to see and desire a world that cannot be shaken.

Let us play this morning the ancient game of Suppose, not as children play it merely for fun, but as the prophets of our race have played it in dead earnest. Let us suppose that out of all the tumult and suffering of this present time there will presently come such results as these: the total abolition of all national armies and navies; the creation in their stead of what would suffice, an international police force for the protection of life and property on land and sea; the development, also, of such agencies of peace as the World Court and the League of Nations; and at least the beginnings of a new society, a less competitive, more cooperative society whose recognized leaders are men who see that the old era of selfish profit-seeking has come to its inevitable end in a worldwide catastrophe, and that from now on the brains of mankind must be used for the good of mankind in great cooperative adventures in which the individual will have abundant opportunity for self-initiative and self-development, but less and less opportunity for self-enrichment at the expense of his kind. Let us venture to suppose that out of the troubles which we are now experiencing will presently come such results as these. In that event, will not this present upheaval stand justified in the eyes of history?

The Prophet's Task

It is always easier to be an historian than it is to be a prophet, easier to record an event than to foresee it and in bloody sweat to achieve it. When all is said, the task of the historian is not, probably, as rewarding as is the task of the prophet; but easier, undoubtedly, it is. The historian has only to see, the prophet is obliged, with many a misgiving, to foresee. The historian has only to record what the prophet is compelled in bloody sweat to create. So most of us would rather be historians than prophets. How easy one hundred years hence to look back upon the sufferings of this present time, to read with amazement of a military system that precipitated a war in which twenty-three million people lost their lives, and of an economic system which left as many millions without employment, obliged to subsist on public doles or private charity; and then to read of movements which destroyed that military system and revised that economic system. How easy and delightful one hundred years hence to be an historian of the period through which we are now passing.

But it happens that you and I are living now, right in the midst of that strife and pain which may haunt the memory of some future generation but as an evil dream of the night. Historians of our own era we cannot be; but consider what we can be. We can be passive spectators looking on, doing nothing. We can be passive victims, even with our sufferings accomplishing nothing. We can be blind reactionaries, refusing to believe that an old order is bound to die, making frantic, ineffectual efforts to patch it up and keep it alive, doing all we can to prevent the birth of a new order. But we need not be any one of these

types. We can be prophets who, living in a selfish, competitive society that is being shaken, see the possibility of a less selfish, more cooperative society which cannot be shaken, and who are determined before we die to make at least some contribution toward its appearing.

There are in this world two human successions. One is composed of persons who live only for self, or for such extensions of self as "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." Such persons live by consent to the actual. They look out upon the world which is and accept it. They have no concern to improve it. They do not admit that it needs any serious improving. Their sole concern is to improve their own position in it. They live in hopes, not of a better world, but of a more advantageous personal position in a world which seems to them to be good enough. Any suggestion that the world itself needs to be improved they look upon with suspicion. Any serious attempt to change the present system they roundly condemn and fiercely oppose. Such persons are to be found in our generation. They have been found in every generation. They constitute a kind of unapostolic, unprophetic succession. And they form today, as yesterday, the great majority of mankind.

"The Beloved Community"

But there is, also, another human succession composed of persons who live, not for self, but for something which Josiah Royce was wont to call "The Beloved Community," and which a greater than Royce still better called "The Kingdom of God." Such persons do not accept a world which is cursed by greed, embittered by injustice, and haunted by fear. They live not by consent to the actual but by faith in the ideal. Through long delay and bitter opposition and apparent defeat they keep the faith that what ought to be can be made to be. Such persons are to be found in our generation. They have been found in every generation. They constitute "the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs." And they form today, as yesterday, but a small minority of mankind; yet the future belongs to them. It has always belonged to them. By their contemporaries called heretics and even traitors, by those who come after them they are hailed as prophets and pioneers.

Now, it was of this prophetic succession that our first century preacher urged his congregation to become a part. He calls the roll of the heroes of faith and then says in effect, "We too must live by faith, looking and laboring for a society that cannot be shaken." Well, here we are, you and I, confronted with a similar situation, a world in the throes of a terrific upheaval, and we may, if we choose, be found in the succession of those who live only for self. We may choose to think only of ourselves and try only to save ourselves. We may choose to believe that there is nothing inherently wrong with our present society, that what has befallen it is nothing more serious than an upset stomach from which it will presently recover and "return to normalcy." We may choose to believe that business will before long pick up and "go on as usual," and that then we shall be able—at least some of us shall—to move into more commodious apartments and buy expensive motor cars and renew our membership in expensive clubs and give elaborate parties and serve prohibited cocktails and make exciting whoopee—until the next depression comes!

But in that event, out of all the suffering of this present time will have come—what? A brave and beautiful cooperative society that cannot be shaken? No, out of all the strife and pain of this present time will have come only a patched-up competitive society in which group is pitted against group, class against class, nation against nation—a society, therefore, which can be shaken and will be shaken before many years have passed. And, as history clearly says, there is a limit to the number of upheavals which any given civilization is able to survive. Babylon with its beautiful hanging-gardens is gone. Egypt of the mighty pharaohs is gone. Assyria of the unconquerable armies has crumbled into dust. Imperial Rome is but a memory, disturbing the mind of Mussolini.

Where the domed and daring palace
Shot its spires
Up like fires;
Where a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime:
And a burning ring all round
The chariots traced
As they raced;
Where the multitude of men
Breathed joy and woe,
Long ago,
Now the country does not even
Boast a tree,
As you see.

What happened? One too many upheavals! One last fatal shake-up from which a sick civilization was unable to recover!

There is no doubt where you and I ought to be. We ought to be in the succession of those who have lived not for self but for some dear city of God. The time has passed when we could safely consent to the actual. A time has come when the only safe thing, let alone the only right and heroic thing for us to do is to live by faith in the ideal, to believe in the possibility of a society so just and friendly that it cannot be shaken, and do all that lies within our power to hasten its appearing.

We Cannot Get Away from Jesus

"Our eyes fixed upon Jesus as the pioneer and the perfection of such faith." Not long ago a Japanese student remarked, "The strange thing about Jesus is that you can never get away from him." That does seem to be the case in respect of Jesus. You can call him an inspired man or a mad man, a genius or a fool. You can accept him or reject him, befriend him or betray him, follow him or crucify him. The one thing you cannot do is get away from him. When he died he was buried in a tomb which had been hewn out of solid rock and which was officially sealed and guarded. But, as a first century Christian re-

marked, "it was not possible for him to be holden"—a remark which nineteen succeeding centuries have repeatedly endorsed. During those nineteen hundred years, once and again Jesus has been buried. He has been buried in churches, in rituals, in creeds. He has been buried in a civilization miscalled Christian. But it was not possible for him to be holden. In the sixteenth century, an angel, standing at the door of St. Peter's in Rome, might have said: "Behold where they laid him, embalmed him, and forgot him. But he is not here. He is risen and goeth before you into the Great Reformation." And in our own twentieth century, might not the same angel, hovering over the battlefields of Europe or the bread lines of America, be supposed to say: "Behold where they crucified him and tried to forget him. But he is not here. He is risen and goeth before you into that new civilization to which his faith and his spirit are giving birth."

The strange thing about Jesus is that, although he is always being crucified, never does he die. Why does he live, and why cannot mankind ever get away from him? May not the answer be this: The universe is behind him. God is with him. The future belongs to him. His triumph may be delayed but nothing finally can prevent it. Therefore, "up with your listless hands," all ye who believe in him; "strengthen your weak knees," all ye who are prepared to follow him. He himself once said, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And to all the little flocks of our time, those minority groups in every land that are looking and laboring for a society which cannot be shaken, does not his spirit say, "Have no fear; your hopes are not groundless, your labor is not in vain"?

Today's Call to the Church

By Henry Knox Sherrill

. . . *as one that serveth.* *Matthew* 20:27.

WE LIVE indeed in difficult and perplexing times, for in almost every direction former things have passed away. The world previous to 1914 might well belong to another age. In point of fact, the pace has been so rapid that the outlook and atmosphere of three years ago are very different from those of today. Inevitably amid such changes there are those who are greatly depressed, whose hearts are failing them for fear, whose major counsel is that of despair. However, we shall not remain permanently in that state. As we realize the enormous responsibilities and opportunities of the present, we will meet conditions with new determination and courage, for, as witness the early church, we are not the first generation to face what seems an overwhelming task.

Of major importance is our own industrial situation. During the past two years we have listened to many conflicting voices of counsel and of prophecy. It is not for me in this sermon to discuss the details of our present condition, particularly when so many industrial leaders have rushed in and have been found mistaken. However, there are certain human factors which must be stressed by the preacher, and which must be faced by all who are touched with sympathy for the difficulties of their fellowmen. If we regard the present situation simply as the inevitable ebb in an economic cycle, with the expectation that as business has gone down, so in time it will improve and prosperity will return—if that is all we see today, then indeed we are of small vision, and the errors of the past will be repeated again and again, with resulting tragedy. For the real point of the so-called depression has to do with human want and suffering. That is the price we pay through unemployment, and it is infinitely greater than any material loss, however great. We must see the present in terms of injustice, of despair, insecurity and of bitterness. Many people talk of these hard times, and they know nothing of what the facts really are.

The Call to Sympathy

In his book, "How the Other Half Lives," Jacob Riis described conditions of life existing only a short distance from those who knew nothing of them. Those of us who have some contact with people in need realize a little something of the agonizing experience of wishing to work, of being able to work, of seeing one's family in want, and of being forced to ask for charity. There are many who complain loudly because of diminution of income, but there are thousands, we must realize, who have nothing at all! Charity has its necessary place, and all of us are bound to do everything we can in the giving and raising of funds for relief. But our imaginations, our hearts and minds must be stirred to more vital action.

As President Harding met the bodies of those who died in France at the wharf in New York, he declared, under the stimulus of that solemn moment: "This must never be again." Such must be our determination today, and will be so if we see the human factors clearly. The evils were there as truly in the time of prosperity as now, only our eyes were blinded. Today, in necessity, we should have greater vision. Mere prosperity is not enough. There must be justice, righteousness and brotherhood.

However, there are always those who declare that nothing can be done because of the reign of economic law. Such was the attitude in the Middle Ages when the great plagues swept over Europe. The plague was considered to be either the will of God or else the action of inscrutable fate. Now we know that the plagues were the result of neither cause, and that men should have been working to improve the methods and the conditions of sanitation. Similarly, we are not to state today that nothing can be done. There is a solution for the evils of our social order if only we have the will and courage to press for that solution. Man-

kind has already made remarkable progress. We have seen many conquests over the forces of nature through human intelligence, resourcefulness and cooperation. Such progress is possible in the fields of industry and of human welfare.

A World View Needed

Amid the many changes that have come since 1914, we must realize the necessity of having a world view. For whether we like it or not, the fact is that the world is a unit. Modern inventions have made the distance from the United States to the Far East no farther than was Boston from Washington in 1776. A disturbance in Manchuria must affect us. We speak now naturally in terms of world trade, world wars, world peace and world industrial depression. No nation liveth to itself or dieth to itself. We can have no answer to our own industrial depression apart from consideration of the world situation. The result has been to force to the front the whole question of nationalism. Is my duty as a citizen to declare, "My country right or wrong, but my country"? Is the best expression of patriotism to demand that our nation must progress in wealth and power at the expense of every other nation? Or is the finest realization of nationalism an understanding that we are members one of another, that there is the fact of human brotherhood, and that we are one in a family of nations? Such questions are not theoretical or academic. They are met in practical life. This issue cuts squarely across almost every other issue. What is our attitude toward discriminating national tariffs, toward increased armaments, in regard to international cooperation? Such questions cannot be dodged, for the international situation affects vitally, as we know now, our own life—in every relationship.

With these problems in mind, I turn to the familiar story of the gospels, and I read there of One who lived and taught almost two thousand years ago. It is he whom so many of us call Master. There are some who will say that he lived so long ago, under such different conditions than those of today, that he can give us no key to a possible solution. Conditions of life were very different in Palestine of the gospels than they are today. But he laid down and lived principles which have been true through all the succeeding generations, and which are true today. The more I think of our perplexities and of his life and teaching, the more certain I am that he is the Way. "He that is greatest among you let him be as one that serveth." That is a general principle, to be sure, but it has been proved true in the history not only of individuals but of church and state as well. We shall never have peace, justice, or permanent well-being until we have the commonsense and the courage to make definite application of that principle.

Selfishness in Industry

Take industry, for example. If we are frank, we shall admit that our major evils come from selfishness in the human heart. In the last analysis, it is the lust for power which makes possible the hideous injustices we see all about us. Human welfare in the face of ruthless ambition falls into the background. No easy answer is at hand. We must look at the example of Christ, and then go deep into our very hearts and desires. Given men of good will, what then would be our social order? Jesus has something to say to each one of us.

Then there are those who admit that Jesus has a message for individuals, but not for society. They say religion is personal, touching a man's relationship to God, and they cannot see that Christianity has a message for society. So often, when we combine, our group morality as expressed in nations or boards of directors or unions is so much lower than the personal morality of many comprising those groups. If there is no social gospel, then we are indeed helpless little

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chips carried along in a stream too powerful for us. But the same principles which apply to individuals apply with as great force to social organisms.

There is no greatness of a nation apart from the service of that nation to God and man. How the prophets drove that lesson home! There is no greatness of a corporation apart from the service that corporation renders to the public welfare; and the public welfare has not to do with material things, machines or money primarily. It has first of all to do with men, women and children. Again, if we are to come out on firm ground, the only solution is the way of Jesus. There will be other solutions suggested, apparently quicker in achieving results and certainly demanding less sacrifice. But they will all be bound to fail, for in the long run permanent peace and security can only

be built upon the solid rock of loving service, which is even greater than justice.

So there is the task of the Christian church, a task infinitely greater than that necessary one of giving comfort and help to those in need. Certainly we shall do the latter. The church has always been faithful in doing what Bishop Brent once called "ambulance service." But he reminded us that the church must also be a pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day to lead the way. That the church has failed to do so, countless times, is no reason that we should fail now in the overwhelming need and opportunity of today.

The Great Task of the Church

But no doubt you are thinking that these are high-sounding phrases—the church, industry, international relations, and so forth. How do those great issues affect the average parishioner of a normal parish? Are they not rather for the leaders in industry, in church and in state? More and more I am certain that the kingdom of God will come through the intelligence, devotion and idealism of average human beings, such as most of us are. Today we are somewhat disillusioned as to the necessity of waiting for super-men. As I think of the early church, and how that little group through the power of God as revealed in Jesus turned the world upside down, then I feel that there are opportunity and responsibility for each one of us to play his part as a disciple of Jesus in the great events taking place. We must return to God as revealed in Jesus as Our Father, making us all brethren; we must confess our failure, and then strengthened and encouraged by his presence go out into the life of the world consecrated to him who came and lived to the end as one that serveth.

"... Shall Be Damned"

By Halford E. Luccock

He that believeth not shall be damned. Mark 16:16.

IF ONE were to set out to find in the New Testament, by diligent search, words utterly removed from the moods and ways of thinking of our present world, words completely out of harmony with our religious ideas, he would certainly pick out this verse. As an expression of all we do not accept, there is nothing to compare with this text. You gave a sort of concealed shudder when I read the words. I saw you. There is good reason for your revulsion. You may well feel and say, "We have left that sort of bigotry behind." Whatever else in the New Testament may be true, that is not true. People damned for belief or unbelief? That all belongs back in the age of thumbscrew, the rack, the inquisition. We of this century have not so learned Christ.

More than that, it should be remembered concerning those words, that one thing which New Testament students of all varieties of theological position agree upon is that they do not belong in the Gospel of Mark. The last twelve verses which appear in the Gospel of Mark are an addition which comes from a much later period than the rest of the book. The evidence for this conclusion, in style, in ideas, is indisputable. The contrast is almost as sharp and easily detected as would be the case if, through a mistake in the printing shop, Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn" should appear with twelve lines from James Whitcomb Riley tacked on as a conclusion. The last twelve verses reflect the interests and ideas of a later period and represent a long drop in spirit and religious conceptions.

Why then, you ask, do you hurl these words at the heads of an innocent congregation on a calm Sunday morning? For one reason. It is my deepest conviction that they are profoundly true. Not, certainly, in the sense in which they were undoubtedly written. Not in the sense of people being damned for theological opinion. Nor do I accept the words, with the word "damned" interpreted in the sense of theological status, or judgment in a future world. But they are worthy of all acceptation in the vital sense of referring to the central message of Jesus.

Lift these words up to this large, profound meaning. "He that believeth not"—that is, belief, not in the sense of theological opinion about Jesus or God but belief in the sense of taking Jesus' interpretation of life seriously, as truth; "shall be damned"—not as referring to any condition in a future world, but to castastrophe, defeat, loss in this one. In other words, Jesus set before the eyes of the world, truth—laws of the spiritual and moral world. And he that believeth them not shall be frustrated, ruined; shall miss life's best possibilities.

There Are Laws!

There are laws of living in the natural world. Fire can destroy life, for instance. Water can destroy life. And he that believeth not shall be damned. There are likewise laws of living together in the social, moral world. There is the law of the primacy of common welfare, the law of respect for personality, the law of service. And he that believeth not shall be damned.

The ethical teaching of Jesus is for the largest part given not in the form of either proclaiming an ideal or making an appeal. It is in the form of description and observation. Of course, in Jesus' teaching there is the setting forth of ideals: "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." And he made his tremendous appeals: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." But for the most part Jesus neither urged ideals nor issued impassioned appeals. He taught with the calm assurance of one having authority. He revealed laws; laws as deeply imbedded in reality as the law of gravitation. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." There is no appeal there, no mere ideal of conduct pulled down from some heaven to an earth, where it was a great question whether it would fit or not. He was uncovering a law in the very center of the universe, one that runs all through life. Inci-

dentally, if we had more of this method of Jesus we would be saved from the tentative and apologetic mood which vitiates so much of our Christian teaching. We have two phrases which we vastly over-use. One is "By your leave." We teach thus: "May I suggest, if you will kindly allow me, that there may possibly be something in this line of thought worth considering; of course, there is nothing final about it, but it may prove interesting material for discussion?" I speak as an authority here, for I have done a good deal of preaching with that perfectly good mannered and perfectly futile tone. The other word we overwork is "Please." "Please do this. Please be good. It won't hurt you very much, not nearly as much as you think, and it may be a good thing. I'll be awfully glad if you do."

Jesus did not teach that way. He uncovered laws of life. With all reverence we may say that he spoke with this attitude: "Believe it or not. Your opinion doesn't change the truth." "He that loseth his life shall find it"—that is a law. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword"—that too is a law of life. And he, and they, that believe not shall be damned.

Let us lift up before our imagination this morning some processes of history in the making all around us in our own day. Let us try to see the heavy black underscoring which the panorama of life, unrolling before our eyes, puts under some laws of Jesus. If we look without the blinders of prejudice we can clearly see that men—and nations—which believe not, are being lost.

It could be shown, I believe, that this solemn, terrible text is profoundly true in personal individual life. Those who do not believe, whose lives have never been lifted out of triviality and tawdriness by a positive faith, by some genuine loyalty and devotion, whose lives are without discipline, without love, are damned in the tragic sense of missing life's best. But right now, let us look beyond the limits of one life, beyond personal issues, to the business of living together in economic life and to the great business of nations living together.

In Economic Life

First, put this text down beside the tragic catastrophe in the economic network in which all our lives are set. Is it not crashing evidence, that they who believe not shall be lost? It moves that text into the present tense; we *are* being lost, economically damned, through unbelief. Arnold Bennett has given us a painfully vivid description of paralysis as "a tragedy in ten thousand acts." The economic paralysis, which we euphemistically call "the depression," is a tragedy in ten million acts. The economic breakdown is a commentary on, an overwhelming demonstration of, Jesus' teaching that men rise and fall together, they are "tied in a living tether," and that the only adequate foundation of common health, of salvation, is devotion to the common welfare. We are daily being taught the lessons that an order of life reared on the basis of unrestrained self-seeking, on an anarchy of feverish profit-making, is a house built on sand. They are lessons so painfully clear, with hunger and bankruptcy in the teacher's chair, that one would think that a wayfaring man, even though a captain of industry, could not escape their meaning.

Go through the list of generally accepted causes of the depression—that list which we run through our minds like a mournful rosary—and see if the items are not, in the last analysis, institutionalized skepticisms concerning Jesus' fundamental law of love and human service. Speculation—the taint in the blood which feverishly seeks something for nothing; over-production, from the insistent demand for immediate profits; the great financial prizes given most largely to exploiters of other men's labor; the lack of social responsibility which piles up reserves for dividends, but no reserves for flesh and blood, for heart and soul; a disproportionate distribution of wealth which leaves no buying power to move the mountains of goods—these are the fruits of our unbelief. We do not believe and we have as our reward, blight and ruin—economic damnation.

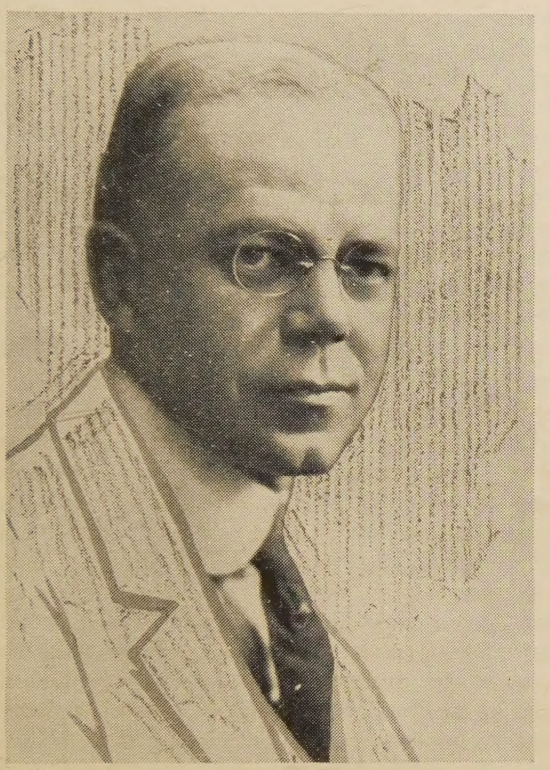
Eyes That See

Our hope of salvation is in eyes that see. An increasing number of people are beginning to see things not discernible in a bull market. Slogans which passed unchallenged as the distillation of economic wisdom are sadly dilapidated. In one of the last issues of the late lamented New York World there appeared in an editorial this list of "major illusions of the last decade": "that the surest road to individual prosperity was to speculate for a rise in prices; that the value of everything always went up; that it was patriotic to buy luxuries out of anticipated earnings; that the American market, if it could be monopolized for American producers, was capable of sustaining an ever-mounting prosperity; that our technical progress and general enlightenment had abolished the business cycle; that we were in a new economic era, and that we could promote it best by a nineteenth century tariff policy and an eighteenth century diplomatic policy."

This Humpty Dumpty has had a great fall. And all the King's Horses and copy-writers will never be able to put it together again with the glittering prestige it once had. A good many mysterious strangers are beginning to preach insights into economic life which have a strangely familiar Christian ring about them. Like Philip finding the Ethiopian treasurer, they have begun "at the place where we now are" and preached Jesus. Such a striking bit of unconventional preaching was that done by Edward A. Filene, of Boston, in his testimony before the Congressional committee on unemployment to the effect that nothing would meet the cycle of depression until there was a more equal distribution of wealth; that it was impossible to sell goods to people prevented from having enough money to buy them. It is elementary ethics to insist on an abundant life for all people. This year's lesson is that it is elementary economics as well. To be saved economically, we must believe.

Yet we must not delude ourselves that this con-

viction of sin has even begun to do its work. The preaching of sin in this profound sense, with its inevitable accompaniment of damnation, is the duty and opportunity of the Christian church today, an unparalleled opportunity. But the church must steel itself with the realization that this preaching of the day of doom following the violation of ethical law will be resisted with Herculean effort by that old Guard of Privilege which dies but never surrenders. It is being resisted even with the luminous words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"—weighed in the balance and found wanting—to be read on every idle



HALFORD E. LUCCOCK

factory wall, on every stock exchange, on every breadline. Read the publicity matter put out by the Gifford committee on unemployment. Much of it is dexterously and insidiously loaded with propaganda, to the effect that there is nothing really wrong with our whole industrial and economic system—that our "temporary set-back" (to use President Hoover's loved words) does not call for conviction of sin or repentance. Much of it contains a clear warning to those whose help in raising funds for charity it solicits, not to raise any fundamental questions of the rightness of the present status quo. One wishes Mr. Gifford and his associated "key men" would let us help in trying to relieve suffering without endeavoring to commit us to a blanket approval of the whole system which has brought us to the present catastrophe. Such efforts are much like the benevolent concealment of the tender-hearted Mr. Young who broadcast the Pennsylvania-Cornell football game a few weeks ago. He never said that a man was hurt. He always stated that a certain player was "winded." Man after man was taken off the field—but they were always "winded," never injured. If he had given all the facts in the terms of his gentle formula, he might have had to say, "a player has been winded and has gone to the hospital to have it set!"

Pathetic screens set up to hide economic wrong and sin are as subtle as an elephant hiding behind a violet bed.

In Philadelphia, the second week in November, I listened to a voice on the radio booming out in front of the City hall, appealing for contributions for unemployment relief. During the time I listened, the appeal was only to one motive—fear. It said: "You must give. Revolutions thrive on empty stomachs. We must fight to save civilization." And I looked about at some of the "civilization" we must fight to save. Now I would not be misunderstood. I have been at some pains in spoken and written word to record my profound sense of the value of many institutions and traditions of American civilization. But when I am asked to lump the whole present order together and call it civilization and think of it as something to be preserved intact, I revolt violently. There is a lot of that civilization I have no desire to save. There is a lot of civilization which the Christian church has no stake in saving. Part of it was in front of the very radio from which the words came—hundreds of unemployed men. Seven million unemployed—that is civilization. The long history of corruption in Philadelphia itself, as a sample of American municipal politics—that is civilization. The billion dollar naval building bill which Senator Hale is preparing to hurl at congress—that is civilization. God save us from preserving it!

Saving Men, Not Civilization

Christianity's commission is not to save civilization but to save men; not to save a civilization, but to build a Christian civilization. Never was greater need or more fertile field for the preaching of repentance in the name of Christ. We speak not only to the heart and conscience of men, but to their minds as well, when we urge some real form of social control of industry in place of the chaos of unrestrained profit-seeking; when we urge economic reserves in the form of unemployment insurance for men, as well as provision for machines and dividends; when we demand a wider distribution of wealth, instead of its present concentration.

Another field which we cannot enter here, but which may just be mentioned, in which the penalty of economic damnation for moral disobedience can be clearly traced, is that of international relations. A world depression following a world war is an inescapable preaching of the truth that God has made of one blood all men to dwell together—and he that believeth not shall be damned.

Let us not forget that our text has a positive counterpart, found again and again in the New Testament. The gospel has not only its message of doom and its call for repentance; it has its gloriously positive proclamation of salvation. Our task is a positive, not a

negative one—to proclaim and demonstrate that only that economic house which rests on the foundation of an abundant life for all men, on service in a spirit of love, to an acknowledged brotherhood, is founded on an unshakable rock. In other words, to preach with ardor and concreteness, the gospel, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"All the Saints Salute You"

By Henry Sloane Coffin

All the saints salute you. 2 *Corinthians* 13:13.

PICTURE a miscellaneous company of a few dozen folk, mostly slaves and working-men, gathered in the large room of a well-to-do Christian's house. What a tiny and insignificant group they feel themselves in the midst of the huge, cosmopolitan, commercial Corinth, perhaps the fourth largest city in the Roman world! To hearten them, as they listen to the reading of his letter, with a sense of belonging to a wider fellowship, the apostle closes with this greeting from the Christians in the region from which he was writing, "All the saints salute you."

In every age Christians seem to remain the "little flock" their Master called his first followers. The relatively small congregations of believers in Christ in our time—minorities still on any Sunday in most communities—need to keep in mind the impressive society of which we are part. On an All Saints day there come to us out of every century and from all over this globe, and from the mysterious world beyond the grave, voices of comrades in Christ—"All the saints salute you."

I

Salute you with *sympathy*. You think yours a confusing time. You feel that the world in which you were brought up is dying, and a world which you cannot make out as yet is being born. You are guessing at it, and wondering whether the Christian faith will survive and sway it or be preserved only as a memory. Well, some of us saw the Jewish state with its temple at Jerusalem—our early spiritual home—sacked by Titus, our fellow-believers scattered, and we queried what would remain of our Jewish-Christian church. Some of us reared in the heyday of the church in the old empire, who listened to Ambrose and Augustine, witnessed the barbarian hordes pour in, and our old world disappear. We doubted whether much would be left of the faith or of the church. Could these rough and uncouth thousands be made disciples? Some of us trained in the precise beliefs and the ordered routine of the medieval church lived through that stormy and upsetting age, the reformation. We had to change our ideas of God and of the church and of our duties as Christians, and it was terribly hard to know just what to teach our children.

Some of us born in Puritan New England or here on Manhattan Island heard from our fathers and mothers the story of the "great awakening" under Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield, but we passed our days in that religiously depressing day of our own and the French revolution, when the goddess of reason was worshipped in Paris, and the bright young people in America thought Christianity a superstition and the church about to collapse. Some of us lived in times of social unheaval, when political power and when wealth passed from one class in the community to another. Some of us lived in days, like the renaissance, when men's minds were turned topsy-turvy, and we had to accustom ourselves to think altogether differently about our world and almost everything in it. Good companions with us in the life with Christ! you talk of being confused. Believe us, we understand that perfectly. It is nothing new, nothing strange, nothing to be seriously alarmed over. The church of our time went through changes. There was some loss and more gain. People with little loyalty fell away. Even we who stood fast were bewildered. We know exactly how you feel. All the saints salute you with sympathy.

II

And all the saints salute you with *their witness to the reality* of him whom they believed. There is no journey more mysterious than that of the soul of man out and up, or deeper down within, if haply he may feel after and find the unseen God. And it is so hard to be sure that we actually arrive. There are times when we are met with a most satisfying and humbling companionship, and then—then—when we think about it, the whole experience fades and we think ourselves dupes of an illusion. Yes, it is a mysterious journey, this outgoing and upgoing and ingoing of man towards God. But notice that on the path there are millions of footprints pointing towards him, and very few footprints of folk returning disappointed that they arrived nowhere. Would these millions of footprints have been made day after day, generation after generation, in the way of Christ towards God, if followers of Jesus had really been cheated?

Some years ago I was in Japan for a month or more, and always within sight of Mt. Fuji. It was in June and July, the rainy season, when day after day the skies poured down, and, when the rain was not falling, a thick atmosphere obscured all views. I had to leave the country without having had a glimpse of Fuji. But one could not doubt that the mountain was there. Its snow-capped summit was the motif of designs on china and fans and screens. Hotels and tea-houses proclaimed their situations as commanding prospects of it. Trips to it and arrangements for climbing it were advertised. It was impossible to believe that so many thousands of people had in so many different ways been victims of a delusion.

There are periods in an individual's life and periods in the life of humanity when God—God as seen in the face of Christ—is obscured. Few seem sure of him

and many declare him a projection of man's wishful thinking. But look back over Christian history and look about on the company of believers throughout the earth. Think of the institutions founded, the buildings erected, the music written, the art called forth, the conduct insisted on; above all, the lives of men and women lived because they turned trustingly towards the Father of Jesus Christ. "They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." Think of the millions today, with varying doctrines and rituals, of all grades in society, illiterate and cultured, of every race and condition, who use

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the prayer we had on our lips this morning—"Our Father"—who assume that his love is the ultimate clue to the meaning of the universe and the supreme force in life, and who live (however falteringly) on that conviction. Are they all deceived?

It so happens that I had a chance to spend two October days in Japan on a return trip, and early one glorious morning the summit of Fuji was mirrored in a little lake at the side of the railway track, and lifting my eyes, there towered the mountain itself in its majesty.

Part and parcel of the lives of men for many centuries and in many lands today is the Christian faith. Doubtless God is variously conceived, more or less accurately, exactly as Fuji is portrayed with differing degrees of success in the art and literature of Japan. But God's reality is too widely apprehended and relied on to be denied. In certain situations we find him mirrored—mirrored imperfectly in some disturbed human life at our side, mirrored perfectly in one serenely confident and untiringly loving life. We lift up the eyes of our hearts, and for us, too, God is there in his august and ennobling goodness.

The testimony of the vast company of the faithful, past and present, holds us when the spiritual atmosphere is thick. "All these had witness borne to them through their faith." And when once they infect us with their faith, we succeed in establishing personal fellowship with God even in unfavorable eras. "*They* looked unto him, and were lightened. *This poor man* cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Here they are this morning peering out upon us from all the centuries,

> beautiful and holy faces
> Lit with their loving, and aflame with God.
> "We speak that we do know," they tell us
> And all their minds transfigured so together,
> More witnesseth than fancy's images,
> And grows to something of great constancy.

III

All the saints salute you with *guidance*. If they have passed through similarly confusing times, we can profit by their discoveries. These experiences of theirs are not just ancient history. When a navigator looks up into the sky and takes his bearings by the stars, you may say that he is studying very ancient history. He is not seeing those stars as they *are*, but as they *were*—years, centuries, millenniums ago. The light that falls on his eye tonight may have started through space before Abram left Ur of the Chaldees. But the stars are "tonight" stars for him. So for these timeless experiences of the saints in their life with God. They are our most certain present guides.

And one lesson from days of confusion stands out clearly. In eras of intellectual change, when Christians had to free their faith from outworn science or outmoded philosophy, and interpret it in the light of the knowledge of a new generation, they often passed from one orthodoxy to another, which in turn became as obsolete and as cramping. Think of the Nicene theology—the new learning of the pioneering Athanasius in the third and fourth centuries, or of the Protestant confessions of faith—the new thought of those young radicals Luther and Melanchthon and John Calvin and of those other radicals of the day, the Westminster divines in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In our time, while we use this or that popular form of thought, borrowed from current physical science or psychology to make plain our faith, let us make and keep clear the distinction between a Christian's loyalty to Jesus, his trust in God, his life in the Spirit, and the views he may hold of Jesus, of God, of this spiritual life. Views change: loyalties endure.

Similarly in epochs of social transformation, as ours seems pre-eminently to be, the church allied herself with the rising class of that day, who represented its idealism and progress. Think of Protestantism and the middle classes, shaking off tyrannies and oppressions in church and state, or of the nonconformist churches in England becoming the backbone of the Liberal party in the nineteenth century in its stand

against aristocratic privilege and feudal ideals. These alliances, easily understood in the light of their time, while they made the church congenial and homelike to certain elements in the population, cut her off from other groups and narrowed her mission. And the alliance has proved limiting: where the middle class disappears amid social changes, Protestantism weakens. When the Liberal party becomes a vanishing political factor, English nonconformity dwindles.

Today there are social movements which enlist our Christian sympathy—movements for international justice and peace, for a wider distribution of wealth in each nation, for a re-ordering of the basic motive in industry which shall consider first the men produced in our business world and second the goods they manufacture, for a change in the relations of races so that mutual respect and confidence displace intolerable superiority and denial of social equality. The church cannot fail to be interested in these, for they make for human brotherhood. When political parties put them in their platforms, these have an appeal to the consciences of Christian citizens. But in the application of principles there is always room for differences of opinion as to the wisdom of any specific measure. Our Christian feeling is not of itself a sufficient guide to political or economic intelligence.

The Christian church is a fellowship of faith and hope and love in Christ, and it ought to embrace men and women who honestly disagree in their judgments on many public policies. The church must not become identified with one political party, radical or conservative, nor with one class or group in society. This has been a frequent and crippling blunder in her past. She must keep herself inclusive of all classes in her community, that she may minister to as many of God's children as she can, his life in Christ, and promote mutual understanding and mutual consideration where there is bitterness and antagonism and all the combustible materials for open class war. That is her God-given ministry of reconciliation.

IV

All the saints salute you with *expectation.* They commit to our hands that on which they lavished their lives. All that has been done and endured to spread the Christian faith and life throughout the earth—the blood of martyrs, the toils of missionaries, the labor of scholars, the work of leaders and of the faithful rank and file—hangs for its preservation and continuance upon us of today. There are tragedies for the Christian cause when institutions—colleges and even churches founded to advance the religion of Jesus and to train men in his life with God—become merely secular in their aim. One feels that the memories of heroically devout Christians ought to haunt their faithless successors. And there is surely no greater stimulus than the sense of standing in a line of servants of Christ in an enterprise to which they have given their unstinted devotion. The impetus of their lives still makes itself felt in those who must carry on their tasks.

There is a story from the days of the crusades that one of the most ardent leaders died of a fever on the voyage, but that when the host was besieging the first city of the infidel, the storming troops, as they placed their ladders against the wall, saw the form of this dead comrade spring with them to the assault and precede them over the parapet. "So," adds the chronicler, "he was not frustrate of his purpose."

The crusade to make all lives and every area of our common life the world over a holy land has been the enterprise of followers of Jesus from the first. In the attacks we make against citadels of ignorance and selfishness and prejudice and of unbelief in the God of love, they being dead yet move within us and fight at our side in the idealistic forces of the day which are the projection into our time of their earnestness. Without us their aims are thwarted and their sacrifices futile. How wistfully out of all these bygone generations down to that of our own fathers and mothers they look at us! Dare we fail them?

V

All the saints salute you with *present fellowship.* Perhaps the legend from crusading days has more truth in it than we think. In the next chapter of that profound book from which our lesson was taken there is a striking sequence of thought in the sentence: "Ye are come to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." When we come to God, we enter a vast company. To Christian faith there has always been one inseparable society of those living here in Christ and of the dead in Christ who are even more alive unto God. Whether in our world or within the veil all share the one spiritual Home—the living God. Devout men have realized in varying degrees this continuing comradeship of their departed companions in Christ. To some it has seemed that the interests of that ampler life in the city of God must be so absorbing that the smaller interests of our life are completely left behind. To others it has seemed that with all the new concerns of that abundantly vital commonwealth they would still have their hearts in the purposes and comradeships of earth, much as adults still cherish some of the interests and the closest fellowships of their childhood. Why should a soul cease altogether to care for really high purposes in one world because he has entered a far greater? And if he be with God, the Lord and present Father of his children there and here, can he there be utterly remote from and unconnected with the life here in which God shares?

In one of Frederick Maurice's letters to his wife, he writes:

> This day twenty years ago, about the time I am writing, my sister Emma died. I believe she has been with me often when I did not know it, and that we are really surrounded by all that we have lost. I do not think we bring them to us by our thoughts and recollections, but that they are present with us, and that we should believe it more, if we believed that God was with us.

There is an unwholesome craving for the touch of vanished hands and the sound of stilled voices. It is akin to the selfish craving of parents to confine sons and daughters within their own circle, instead of giv-

ing them generously to the largest life of which they are capable. But few of us have explored the richness of that Old Testament faith: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," and explored it in the added light of the New Testament experience of Christ, Lord of the unseen and still with his people, and keeping with him always those who once yield themselves to his hands.

There is a very beautiful lake in the Adirondacks about which the camps have been built so that they are almost completely concealed by the forest from anyone on the water. Unless some other canoe is in sight, one paddles along with a sense of solitude amid the mountains and the woods. But when night comes, the glow of the campfires touches one with an awareness of comradeship.

The absorbing interests of our days usually claim our attention so fully that invisible presences remain unrealized. But when darkness falls, as it does in bewildering and confusing times, light gleams out for us and we become aware of the communion of the faithful in God. "All the saints salute you."

Sidestepping Our Responsibility

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

So when Pilate saw that he prevailed nothing, but rather that a tumult was arising, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it. Matthew 27:24.

AS EVERYBODY knows, we face in these weeks just ahead the problem of unemployment relief and the question is whether we shall shoulder our responsibility or wash our hands of it.

How famous a picture that phrase, washing our hands, conjures up. Visualize it afresh this morning as the Gospel of Matthew portrays it for us: Pilate standing there in his judgment hall trying in vain to release Jesus, and sick at the turmoil which the crowd is raising. "When Pilate saw," we read, "that he prevailed nothing, but rather that a tumult was arising, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it."

If Pilate could come back today I suspect that he would regard himself as one of the most unjustly abused characters in history. And as human nature goes he was not a bad sort. He had healthy appreciations; he was attracted to Jesus. He had a Roman's love of justice; he did not want Jesus condemned. He looked contemptuously upon the petty malice of the Master's enemies and despised their bigotry. In his general attitude toward the trial of Jesus, Pilate was basically right and he heartily wished that the whole miserable business had never risen. He did, however, make one mistake that has put him in the Rogues' Gallery of the world. It was a familiar, innocent appearing attitude in which every day millions of people indulge. A great responsibility had walked up to Pilate, without his being guilty of the causes which produced it had thrust itself at Pilate, to his impatience and infinite dislike had insisted on confronting Pilate, and he washed his hands of it.

A subtle irony is in this fact that Jesus was done to death by a man who merely sidestepped his responsibility. Throughout his ministry Jesus particularly condemned that kind of conduct. In his parable of the Good Samaritan, Jesus did not denounce the robbers who attacked the victim; anybody would denounce them. He saved his disapproval for the respectable priest and Levite who merely walked by on the other side and washed their hands of him. In the parable of the Talents Jesus did not condemn dishonest misuse of funds. Anybody would condemn misuse of funds. Jesus reserved his disapproval for a quite honest man who hid his talent in a napkin and so, burying his responsibility, washed his hands of it. In his parable of the Judgment Jesus did not waste time denouncing those who attacked the poor, exploited the prisoners, evicted the sick. They were obviously rascals whom anyone would condemn. He reserved his disapproval for quite respectable people who saw the hungry and did not feed them, the naked and did not clothe them, knew about men sick and in prison and did not befriend them; men and women, that is, who in the ordinary walk of life met responsibility and sidestepped it, got out from under it, wriggled away from it, and washed their hands of it.

They Could Not Wash Their Hands

One suspects that the Master bore down heavily on this because in this realm lay his own temptation. He could have washed his hands. There in Nazareth, amid the Galilean wild flowers and the comforts of his friendships and his faiths, he could have washed his hands. What had he done to cause the misery and sin of the race? Why should he leave the peace of his rich soul to face the ingratitude of a wayward and reluctant people? He could have washed his hands of it. Ah, but he could not. He took it on himself. That is the essence of Christ's spirit. He could not wash his hands of us. And therein he represents a high tradition: David Livingstone, not responsible for Africa's need—but he could not wash his hands of it; Emile Zola, not responsible for Dreyfus' unjust condemnation—he could not wash his hands of it; Kagawa, not responsible for the penury of Japan's slums—but he could not wash his hands of it! Ah, Christ, throughout your life you pleaded for this and in every picturesque way which story could portray or your own ministry illustrate taught that this alone makes a good life and the lack of it brings tragedy upon mankind, and lo! in the end you yourself were done to death by a man who merely washed his hands!

With this in mind, turn to our own problem and see

that the tragedies of mankind today are made possible by this same attitude. Whenever things go wrong in our American public life we habitually look for some outstanding sinner to put the blame upon, some scandalous scapegoat to whom we can point and say, He did it. On the contrary, in the great majority of cases I venture that the real difficulty is somewhere else altogether.

In our New York City government, for example, not all the officials and public servants are crooked and even if the many of them who apparently are were put in jail, that alone would not solve our city's problem. To be sure, one would like to see them put there, especially those who deflect to partisan political purposes city funds allocated to the poor's relief. Nevertheless, the main problem of our city's government is not this or that unjust official, important as his apprehension may be, but the inert, careless mass of us, the respectable citizens, who long ago turned the government of this metropolis over to Tammany and washed our hands of it. These words about Pilate are extraordinarily applicable to the average New York citizen: "So when Pilate saw that he prevailed nothing, but rather that a tumult was arising, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying . . . see ye to it."

Respectable Folk and War

Or in this matter of disarmament, which from now until the conference at Geneva ought to stand close to the center of mankind's concern, our main problem is not with perverse people who still believe in war—they are not many—nor the downright wicked people who for selfish purposes of private profit desire war—they are but few. Our main problem is with this huge, inert, careless mass of us, the respectable folk, who have at our disposal, if we would use it, the accumulated public conscience of the world to stop this mad competition in armaments but who, instead, wash our hands of it.

Indeed, this matter of disarmament comes closely home to the main object of our morning's thought. Never let us forget that behind this worldwide destitution stands the Great War. It is not the only cause, but it is one of the major causes. We are going out into the hardest winter that some of us have ever seen: millions unemployed, homes broken down, children hungry, boys and girls leaving school and college, strong mean losing their morale, families on which like the dripping of the water that wears down the stone, fall the terrific days—weeks and months of them—one after another, where men come home at night to say again, "No job." Here in this church the heaviest burdens that your ministers are carrying are not the tasks you see them bear but the interminable succession of heart-breaking stories, often out of families we know. And now, when we are asked for millions to keep destitution from this city's households, never forget that behind all this, from the crushing debts and reparations of Europe to the man next door who has not had a job for a year, stands the shadow of the Great War.

I do not know how you kept Armistice day, but all day long my mind was haunted; on one side, wanted $18,000,000 to keep decent people in New York from starving, and, on the other side, about sixty-six per cent of our total federal income going for wars, past, present, and to come.

When today, amid this worldwide destitution, we are told that our army and navy are starving, one marvels. To listen to some citizens talk one would suppose that, with a President of the United States whom they describe as abysmally ignorant, we are actually driving our army and navy to the bread-line.

Harry Emerson Fosdick

The fact is that the United States, the safest nation in the world, is spending more on national defense today than any other country. The fact is that in 1890 our army and navy departments cost something over $66,000,000; in 1900 they cost about $190,000,000; in 1914 they cost over $314,000,000; in 1931 they will have cost, according to Secretary Mellon's statement of appropriations, about $838,000,000. When I was a boy, the whole army and navy of the United States was supported on about a million dollars a week. Now we spend $2,000,000 a day. To be sure, there are various ways of figuring these amounts but there is no mistaking the steady and colossal increase. Do not blame the army and navy. We put them there to be efficient. That is what they are working for. It is not their fault. Let us not look for a scapegoat to blame or, if we will have blame, let us all take it! Along with the other na-

tions on earth we Americans too have joined in this mad competition for accumulating armaments until with over sixty-six per cent of our federal revenue going for war, past, present, and future, we are out for millions more to keep starvation from our people, and along with all other great countries face our judgment day: disarmament or disaster.

In that situation, how like we are to Pilate with Christ before him! We have power to save this situation. With accumulated public intelligence and conscience properly aroused, we have power to stop it. So Pilate, you recall, said to Jesus: "Knowest thou not that I have power to release thee, and have power to crucify thee?" Aye, he had power. Think what he did, then, when he washed his hands.

A New Cross

Sometimes in my imagination's eye I see another cross with all mankind nailed upon it because in the day of our opportunity we washed our hands of disarmament.

Meanwhile, in this matter which is now before us, the application of our truth is so obvious that it needs no elaboration. If people starve in New York city this winter there will be one major cause—respectable citizens washing their hands.

In the second place, let us come closer home, and penetrate more deeply into Pilate's mind. If we could only know what he did that night after he turned Jesus over to his enemies! One suspects an engagement: private business with an embassy from Rome or dinner with friends up from Caesarea, or was it some new dancing girl with whom he entertained his officers? If one could know what Pilate did with the time and energy he saved when he washed his hands of Jesus!

You see, his major motive was to be left undisturbed. He was an important personage, successful, with a career ahead of him, standing well with the emperor. How could he be troubled with uncomfortable responsibility for a poor peasant's death? He could not be bothered with it. It was all a wretched mess anyway! So, instead, he walked out into history washing his hands.

My friends, it is the favorite sin of the respectable. We get on in the world. We build up in fortune or family life a comfortable estate. We reach a place at last where we need not, unless we choose to, be bothered by the confused and sometimes ugly wretchedness of man. We have fine tastes, are delicately nurtured, are honest, stand well in the community. To call us bad citizens would be absurd. But precisely at that point comes the terrific temptation to wash our hands.

It is the new monasticism. Always, when the world becomes wretched and chaotic, monasticism in some form arises. Men want to get away from the mess. They hate its rottenness. It obtrudes its sores upon their eyes. It smells to heaven. They will not stand it and so, in some form, monasticism rises. Remember those lovely places, Tintern Abbey by the Wye or Fountains Abbey in its gracious setting, some of the

A Pastoral Prayer

By Floyd W. Tompkins

DEAR LORD, we come in loving faith to thank Thee for all Thy mercies. Thou hast given us life and we dedicate our years on earth to Thee. Thou hast given us newness of life, even forever and ever, and we thank Thee for redemption, even for Thy gift, O Christ, for Thou hast opened unto us the kingdom of heaven. Thou art our Guide and our Inspirer, O Blessed Spirit, and we rejoice in Thy leadership. Keep us near to Thyself, dear Lord, for so only can we be safe and strong.

We know our weakness in yielding to temptation. We look to Thee, therefore, dear Christ, that we may have pardon and peace, for there is forgiveness when in faith we look at Thee, triumphant Victor on the throne of Thy cross. Keep us clean in thought and word and deed, we pray Thee, and grant us the robe of Thine own righteousness.

Not for ourselves only do we pray, but for the whole world, that Thy kingdom may be acknowledged by all men and that they may be drawn to Thee. Give peace throughout the world that we may live as brothers and manifest that mutual love which is born of Thy love for us and our love for Thee. Especially do we pray for the sick and sorrowing and for all who feel the burden of life too heavy for them. Let them know that Thou art ready to carry all burdens and griefs and cheer them with Thy sympathy, for Thou didst live the human life.

Grant us a vision, O Christ, of the world made righteous and of ourselves made perfect when the work of grace is done, and let us press on undismayed, knowing that Thy divine plan for us all is bound to be fulfilled. Save us from discouragement and doubt, and may our love be so true that we shall feel Thy presence and rejoice in Thy care. When the days are dark, be Thou our Light. When fear makes us tremble, speak to us and assure us of safety. And if loneliness oppresses us, let us by faith see Thy blessed face and hear Thy voice saying: "Be not afraid. Only believe."

May our daily life be happy because Thou art serving with us. May our homes be sacred because Thou art our unseen Guest. And as we tell Thee that we love Thee, grant us Thy peace. Amen.

fairest spots in England where, long ago, men disgusted with the secular world found peace. To be sure, today those old forms of monasticism have departed from us but there always are new roads to old things. Secluded social circles, suburban and country homes—we get away; lovely churches even—we get away. We have our favorite recreations, our tastes and hobbies, the inner circle of our friends—we get away.

We Must Care!

Do not misunderstand me. I blame no man for getting away physically. Sometimes it may fairly save a man's soul as well as his body to escape from the canyons of these city streets and the rabbit warrens of these apartments houses and get away. But there is one deep sense in which no man has any business to get away. We must not wash our hands of it. We must not let the seclusions of monasticism touch our soul. We must care.

That is the gist of the whole business now. How much do we care?

If we were very poor we would be caring for the very poor. The great gifts to this relief fund are not coming from folks like you and me. An old Jewish woman who peddles little cakes of unleavened bread among her people on the lower east side has been for ten days now giving half her earnings to the fund. She cares.

One of our city papers recently carried a cartoon: a wretched room in a tenement, obviously undernourished children, a desolate woman, a haggard man sitting unshod, while through the open door from the tenement above comes a child with a worn pair of shoes in her hand saying—"My daddy says you can use his shoes to look for work in today 'cause he's sick and doesn't need 'em." Some artist, you thought, using his imagination to touch our sympathy! No, my friends, a social worker who knows the facts tells me personally that that incident did actually happen.

Well, how much do we care?

Germany is so poor that in comparison we seem to be rolling in wealth, but they told me in Berlin this last summer that they would allow no starvation there this winter. They do not dare to allow it. Revolution is in the air. Communism walks the streets. Men will stay patriotic to the point of hunger. Loyalty languishes when a man sees his children starving.

Seldom in my life, then, have I been more moved than the other day in conversation with a boy on this city's streets. He was no professional pan-handler. Anyone could see that. He was only a poor, half-starved, frightened boy twenty-eight years old, born here in this city, his father and mother dead now and he alone, and for the first time in his experience, month after month and no work. His cheeks were hollow. Obviously he was half sick with hunger and, what is worse, he was scared. What do you think that boy talked with me about? No, he was not pleading for money, just welcoming a chance to talk with somebody who seemed friendly. He talked with me about this country and how it is the best country in the world and how the Reds and communists are all crazy and never will put anything right and how behind all our trouble America is solid after all, and how deeply he believed that and would rather live here than anywhere else on earth, if only he could understand why it was that nowhere could he find work.

The Source of True Greatness

How much do we care? If that boy is right, and this country is the kind of nation that he dreams, then it is because in our history we had forefathers who cared. In the day of public need they could not wash their hands. When that dreadful Fugitive Slave law was passed, do you remember what one New Englander wrote? "There is infamy in the air. I have a new experience. I wake in the morning with a painful sensation, which I carry about all day, and which, when traced home, is the odious remembrance of that ignominy which has fallen on Massachusetts, which robs the landscape of beauty, and takes the sunshine out of every hour." Aye, they cared. All the greatness that ever comes into any nation comes from men and women tempted, I doubt not, to be Pilate, but who, when the pinch comes, cannot wash their hands.

That spirit, my friends, is needed in the nation now if it ever was, not for relief simply but in matters of public policy, behind measures to prevent the recurrence of this outrageous catastrophe and in support of the basic social services of our communities.

Note that last point. This next winter we face in this country not simply starvation for the very poor but the breakdown of the basic social services that have distinguished our American life. Here in this nation we have built up not simply a high individual but a high social standard of living. Public philanthropies, hospitals, schools, organized charities, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, day nurseries—go on with the long and honorable list of those enterprises which together have made the high standard of living in our American communities. Today they are threatened. On every side hundreds of their workers are being turned away and if we, the people, really care it need not happen.

Not Our Worst Crisis

Ah, but someone says, this is the worst financial panic and crisis in our history and you must expect this. No, it is not the worst financial crisis in our history. My friend tells me that in the panic of 1873 he can remember going into the forest to dig sassafras roots to make tea for his family and, as he puts it, our worst poverty today is Babylonian luxury compared with the destitution that millions faced then.

Indeed, listen to this and see as I read it if you can guess when it was written.

> It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of

> our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it.
>
> In France the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection, and with its disturbed relations in China.
>
> It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference....in the issue of events.
>
> Of our own troubles no man can see the end. . . . And yet the very haste to be rich which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

Well, when was that written? That appeared in Harper's Weekly, October 10, 1857. This is not by a long sea-mile the worst crisis in our history.

Our Business Is to Share

Ah, but, some of you say, we are all so hard hit individually that we cannot give. No, my friends, we are not all hard hit individually. Many of us in this congregation today, on salary, have not had our salaries reduced. They buy more today than they did a year ago. We have not been so well off since the war. Millions of Americans today are in a blue funk just because everybody else is and it is fashionable. What hard times we all are facing, they say, and they verily make themselves believe that they individually are hard hit. Many of us, however, are associated with institutions which have not shaved their salary schedule one cent and we are financially abler than we were twelve months ago. We had better share. Even if we have been hit but still find going fairly comfortable we had better share. All around us are people who have been terribly hard hit. We have no business not to share.

Christ or Pilate—that is the question. There they stand together in the judgment hall. One of them cares. But the other is washing his hands.

Beginning With Jesus

By G. A. Johnston Ross

"Come unto me." Matthew 11:28.

HOW does one "get religion"? It is curious how this question is neglected in our modern preaching; and how many souls are bewildered in their search for an answer. By "getting religion" I mean securing some belief or attachment which will really empower one for good living, and will do that without one's having to sacrifice one's intellectual honesty.

We must first select our approach. As I see it, there are five possible approaches to religion, in the sense in which I am using it as stressing power rather than dogma.

There is the approach loosely called "scientific," which means an approach through observation and manipulation of things which can be seen and weighed and measured. There is the "philosophic" approach through reflection on the meaning and relations of things which cannot be seen or weighed or measured. There is the "esthetic" approach which conceives the universe in terms of beauty — an approach of great value to sensitive souls, but not very useful to pedestrian people who are not awake to beauty.

There is the presently popular "psychological" approach which appears to teach and satisfy; but which has the unhappy handicap that it never can make the transition from the subjective to the objective aspect of religion.

The Personal Approach to Jesus

Finally, there is the approach which I venture here to recommend: the historico-personal approach, which consists in the consultation of someone who has made a success of his own personal religion.

As a matter of fact, this last approach is the most natural of all. The first instinct we have when we set out on a quest like this is not to take a course in theology or philosophy or science, but to put out a groping hand seeking for a friend, one who has been before us in the quest, and has made something good out of it.

Of the eleven living religions of the earth nine were personally founded; and three of them covering the faith of two-thirds of the human race are traceable to the religious experience of three men: Siddhartha, an Indian prince called the Buddha; Jesus, a carpenter of Nazareth; and Mohammed, a camel-driver of Arabia.

The last of these we may set aside. He rendered good service to men in his day, but his education was dreadfully imperfect and his morals are reactionary.

There remain Buddha and Jesus. Both are Asiatics. Both have vast followings. Buddhism has of course changed its content greatly as it has made its pilgrimage from India to Burma, Siam, China and Japan. But it has at its heart well-defined ideas, and some of these are very praiseworthy, and affect one strangely who has become accustomed to the somewhat parsimonious and unspeculative documents of Christianity.

I live in a city overwhelmingly Buddhist, and I have friends who have found in that faith a quieting and restraining influence of which I desire to speak with respect. But when it comes to reinforcement of human powers, not simply for a resigned acceptance of the sorrow in the world or for an ascetic life or for a passive and laissez-faire sort of goodness, but for a life unselfish, ministrant and progressive, Buddha is not to be compared for a moment with Jesus of Nazareth.

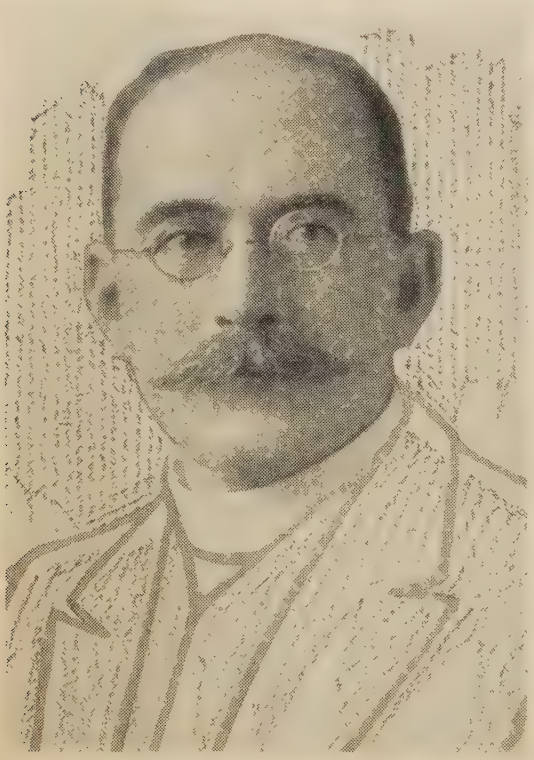
It is Jesus or nobody. From the vast level plains of humanity Jesus rises, a Lone Tower of Enablement in the matter of fruitful and serviceable living.

So I urge you to turn to Jesus. Find out the manner of man he was. Read a Gospel or all the Gospels through: not selecting his teaching only, but remembering that the fundamental and prior fact which created

the Gospels and changed the world is not the teachings of Jesus (for "our condition needs more than words") but the total impression and interpretation of the person, teaching, preaching, activities, suffering, death and exit from death; in a word, the entire person and career of Jesus.

You will find the Gospels as biography disappointing: but as photographs of the man's point of view, of how he looked at the question of life's empowerment and reinforcement you will find all four superb.

Now if you try to analyze his attitude to life and life's empowerment you will come upon two interesting facts: 1. Jesus lived in conscious fellowship with and



G. A. Johnston Ross

dependence on what he called God or his "Father": and commended that fellowship to those in quest of power. 2. With an insistence extraordinary in so good a man, he laid emphasis on himself. "You read the Bible and so forth," he said reproachfully, "but you refuse to come to me for life's enrichment."

Now this "Come unto me" was not vanity of egoism. As a matter of fact his emphasis on himself has been justified. He was, and was conscious of being, a new type: a man at home in God. He lived in God, and has brought God to men and men to God in filial love.

Note then what Jesus claims and what tests he applies to men. He claims that if you will live as he recommends, in close fellowship with the imminent God conceived as Father (that is, as having unlimited rights over you as your Judge and Controller and good Friend), and further, that if you will cling to Jesus as the type to which you wish to approximate, viz., a Son of God or a man at home in God, you will arrive at a unique empowerment to live a satisfactory and serviceable life.

The test therefore is plain. It is not primarily a test of belief or of knowledge; it is a test of hospitality. You are offered if you care to have it the sin-scorching friendship of the Son of God: do you care to bear the heat of his judging presence?

If you refuse, you lay yourself open to at least two devastating enemies of the good life. One is purposeless triviality; the meaningless life that moves from thrill to thrill and ends in a skull and a few ashes. Philosophers will tell you that a close connection obtains between persons and purposes: and Jesus is the most intensely and vividly personal of all human beings. Association with him means serious purpose, the resummoning from triviality to the ardors and joys of the disciplined and meaningful life.

Jesus Saves from Pride

Another thing he saves you from is pride, the curse which, as probably nothing else has done, has barred the human soul from goodness. Pride is probably the most common denomination in all known forms of evil. Jesus was essentially humble; not because he was ever afraid but because he was essentially a derivative man and leaned on God. Whosoever associates with him is necessarily made progressively ashamed of every form of pride.

And indeed this brings to mind his own account of how to walk in his way. "If any man willeth," he said, "to come after me, let him first renounce his egoism; that is the prerequisite of all good living. You cannot graft real religion on a self-centered life. Next, let him discharge each day's duty as it arises in a spirit of sacrificial honesty: you cannot graft religion on a pusillanimous life. And finally," said Jesus, "let him keep Me in sight."

It were well for us if these last four words could keep chiming in our minds this day and every day. Do you want a religion effective in stimulating you to good living? Keep Jesus in sight. Are you bewildered in your way and afraid of the uncharted paths of life? Keep him in sight. Are you confused by the multitudinous roar of human opinions and by the bafflement of life's unsolved mysteries? Keep him in sight; for you will never go far wrong; nay more, you will inevitably rise to your best if you will but keep him in sight, and suffer yourself to be judged moment by moment by the moral and spiritual sunlight that streams from his holy eyes.

At the Door

WE pause beside this door:
Thy year, O God, how shall we enter in?
The footsteps of a Child
Sound close beside us. Listen, he will speak!
His birthday bells have hardly rung a week,
Yet has he trod the world's press undefiled.
"Enter through me," he saith, "nor wander more;
For lo! I am the Door."

Lucy Larcom.

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

PASSAGE by congress of the bill approving Mr. Hoover's moratorium on war debts was no surprise. A few senators and congressmen who hate the President were able to make a big noise, but their talk was wild and unconvincing. More significant than the passage of the moratorium was the declaration against cancellation or reduction of the debts due the United States which was attached to it. I cannot get so greatly excited on this point as some of my friends do. On the whole, it seems to me better for Europe to repudiate the debts than for the United States to cancel. That the debts will not be paid is probable enough. It is solely a question as to where lies responsibility for taking the initiative. The debts have already been cut more than half by our initiative. It is folly for the United States to try again to discover Europe's "capacity to pay." There is only one way to find out whether our debtors can pay or not—that is by their actual default in payments. When they default, or repudiate, there will be occasion enough to make an adjustment or to forgive the debt. The onus of initiative in this business, as in all such business, should rest upon the debtor. Incidentally—I say incidentally with a sly wink, for it is not incidental at all, but the very nub of the matter—if Europe defaults or repudiates, it will help as nothing else will to put a stop to the creating of debts of this kind to carry on war. If I were in Congress, I would have voted for the no-cancellation statement. But I cherish no illusion about the collectibility of the debts.

Cancellation or Repudiation

The Book of the Month

GRACE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT, *by James Moffatt. New York, Richard R. Smith.*

I PREDICT that we are about to witness the return of certain ideas of the historic Christian belief which have been cast aside or neglected during the past two or three generations. I can think of a number of them right now, but one particularly stands out with increasing prestige in the writings of modern criticism as well as of philosophical and religious interpretation. That is the idea of grace. It lost caste in our intellectual circles with the passing of Calvinism and the rise of modern science. Salvation came to be something to be "worked out" by each soul for itself. Little if any room was left for the faith that, after all, it is "God who worketh" in us. But grace is coming back! The shallow humanism that limits man's resources to his own abilities is being counteracted by what Dr. Moffatt calls the "grace-note" in our life. Only he declares that grace is no ornamental flourish like the grace-notes in music, but the very essence of the theme of Christianity. The concept of grace, he says, is the dominant theme of the New Testament. No grace, no gospel. Dr. Moffatt traces the antecedents of grace in the Old Testament and in hellenism, and then finds it to be the substance of the teaching of Jesus and Paul. This is one of the most fascinating expository books dealing with the New Testament that has appeared in a long time.

A Thought for the Month

WHAT A MISTAKE it is to imagine that there is a conflict between the social gospel and the personal gospel! The truth is that there is no phase of the social gospel that does not depend upon individual persons. The kingdom of God waits for the arrival of individual men and women who choose a way of conduct for themselves which transcends the standards of the social order in which they live. Any conception of the social gospel which assumes that the kingdom of God is to be brought in by mass movement alone, by achieving a change in the impersonal economic or political "system," or in the framework of social custom or convention, is an illusion. The kingdom of God is indeed a social ideal, and as such involves the reconstruction of the entire social order. But it is also a present reality to those who will take it so. We do not need to wait until the world is reorganized on a basis of justice and right before we begin to live justly and righteously ourselves. The Christian is one who sees that the kingdom is already among us. It is even more intimate: it is within us, as Jesus taught. This is not mysticism. It is the essence of ethical religion. To be a disciple of Jesus is to live here and now as if the kingdom of God were already here. We are not merely to work for the coming of the kingdom; we are also to live in it daily. We may anticipate its social realization by choosing a manner of life—in our personal economic standards, our personal political responsibilities, our entire social deportment—which here and now refuses to participate in those benefits which are derived from privilege or adventitious power, or from any status which we feel would not inhere in a social order worthy to be called Christian. There are limits to the principle of abstinence and renunciation, for if we live at all we shall have to share in some degree in the inequities of our existing social order; but there is a wide area of life in which men and women of Christian conviction can live as if the kingdom of God were already set up. As we seek out this area and enter it we make the social and the personal gospels one gospel.

Two Halves of One Gospel

Charles Clayton Morrison

By Beds of Pain

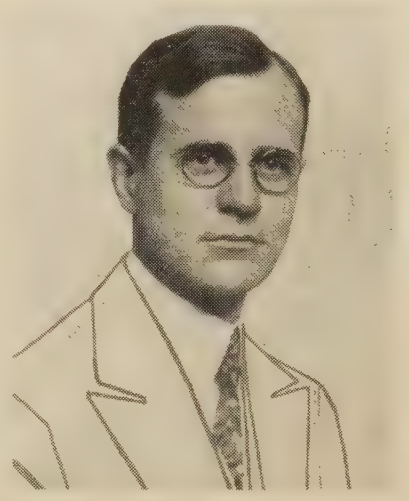
By Albert Edward Day

THE minister must always carry into the sick room an atmosphere of cheer and hope. That does not mean that he will be chirpy or that he will underrate the actual condition of the sufferer. I have known men in an effort to be cheerful to make light of the malady and even imply that the patient was either posing or imposed upon by his imagination, his nerves or his doctor. The result was quite other than the intention. Instead of cheer there was anger and thereafter, when the offender called, the patient was asleep and could not be disturbed! It sometimes happens that people are not as sick as they believe themselves to be, but their erroneous sick-belief is never cured by jest. They are identified with their illusion and a frontal assault upon it is an assault upon them. Sympathy is always prescribed. Only thus will entrance be possible into that stronghold where illusion has mounted the throne.

But sympathy should always be buoyant and hopeful. It should not wear crepe nor enter the room with a tread which seems to indicate that the caretaker is not far behind. The more one has to do with sick people, the more aware does one become of their exceeding sensitiveness. A shadow on the face, gloom in the voice, a false accent, an alarming phrase, sometimes are caught up by the sufferer and interpreted as the harbinger of doom. Thus that bit of confidence needed to turn the tide of battle in favor of life is destroyed.

• *The Power of Good Cheer*

It sounds somewhat mystical to talk about the "atmosphere" one carries into the sick room, but there is an indefinable effect, traceable to no single gesture or word, perhaps the total result of them all, which means much to the patient. There is no other place where what we are, our outlook upon life, our grip upon God counts for as much. When the minister's heart is athrob with faith in God, and with that joy which faith alone makes possible, there will be a radiance which will break through the most halting words and awkward gestures and make even the untutored "bedside-manner" a benediction. I was once overwhelmed with the gratitude of a man who told me that I had come to him at a critical hour and had given him heart to put forth that last effort which defeated death. He said, "You came into the room and you did and said thus." I had no memory of the particular act or utterance which meant so much to him. It was the unconscious expression of a mood which the grace of God helped me to carry into that arena where life and death were struggling for the mastery.



Albert Edward Day

But often the minister has a more critical responsibility than the importation of cheer and courage. Behind many a plaguing illness is a psychic condition which must be discovered and corrected ere there can be a return to health. Most physicians are helpless in such situations. Unless the minister is keen enough to perceive the root difficulty, and sagacious in the application of a remedy, his prayers and his words of encouragement will be in vain. The patient has developed a deadly immunity even against the contagion of vigorous faith.

• *"Nothing Less Than a Miracle"*

I was called into a case where months of hospital treatment had been futile. The patient was slowly dying and the physician did not know why. It is a long story and cannot be repeated here. The doctor was as amazed by the patient's recovery after my ministrations as he had been by the steady and apparently fatal decline. He said it was nothing less than a miracle which we had witnessed. I knew that it was no miracle, but I could not tell the doctor what had actually happened. Experience had convinced me that the man was dying because he wanted to die. The continual nausea which made it impossible for him to retain food was in reality the expression of a nausea against life itself. One tragic disappointment after another had shattered his dreams. Family conditions had persuaded him that no one really loved him or cared whether he lived or died. He was in "a blue funk" about life and was eager to slip out of it. I took to that man friendship, told him of tasks that awaited his doing, brought him the love of God, awakened in him a desire to live. That is how the "miracle" came about. Today he is a blessing to the whole community, a man much sought by those in trouble, a center of radiance in the church, a joy to his pastor.

• *Banishing Fear and Despair*

Behind more physical ills than we dream lie spiritual maladies of one sort or another—fears, obsessions, illusions, exaggerated egos, false ambitions, unreasonable self-expectations, suspicions, despairs. It is no less than a tragedy that so many of us are content to go into the sick room, engage in cheerful chat, read a bit of scripture, offer prayer, and come away feeling that we have no further responsibility to those who suffer, that their ills are in the hands of God and the doctor, and that our only ministry is to make those ills more endurable by what we unctuously call "spiritual consolation." Even genuine spiritual consolation requires more than the usual prayer in the usual way.

Every case is a unique case and we have not ministered to that uniqueness until we have taken time to win entrance to that inner place where the individual stands solitary and alone, wrestling with the foes of his happiness and his life. Prayer can be so much more helpful when it is prayer which links a man's pressing problems to the care and love of God. How can we shepherd even the souls of men unless we take time to "find" those souls? But when we do "find" their souls and heal them we often do something for their bodies too, which means an end of their pain, their weakness, their "nerves" and the restoration of sound health.

There are times, alas too many, when nothing can be done to banish

disease, when our only mission can be to help men and women face death. Here if anywhere there is a call for courage, tact, moral realism, spiritual insight. Sometimes the family is in a panic and unwilling to break the news to the victim lest the resulting alarm should hasten death by a few hours. As a rule such alarm is needless, for there is a strange capacity of the human spirit, when the worst is known, to face the issue calmly, and to make the closing hours or days, as the case may be, not a nightmare to be forgotten as quickly as possible, but a sanctuary of blessed intimacies through which the voyager into the unknown, and those left behind, enter more deeply into each other's lives than they have in all the bygone years and, at the end, experience a fellowship which robs death of its terrors and wreathes the hour of parting with a halcyon memory.

• *Facing the Imminence of Death*

It has always seemed to me unfair to all concerned to dodge the fact of the imminence of death, but especially unkind to the one about to go. There are so many things one would like to say to those one loves, so many little counsels he would like to give, so many helpful instructions he might offer, if he knew he were going, that I always try to persuade the family to be frank when death is practically certain. I have never known occasion for regret when such a course is followed. Sometimes, however, persuasion is of no avail. The relatives themselves are so afraid of death that they cannot imagine that another could view it calmly or make the final farewell a never-to-be-forgotten sacrament. At such times, one can only keep silent and pray. It is *their* home and *their* loved one, and unhappy the minister who does not respect *their* sovereignty.

• *The Terror of a Hidden Sin*

Ever and anon the condition of the patient about to die lays a heavy tax upon the minister's courage. I was called once to a hospital where a beautiful young woman was dying. Her mother and brother and sisters were there, almost frantic because the dying woman was fear-stricken and comfortless. "Can't you do something for her?" they pleaded. I tried, in vain. During my first interview it was necessary for some treatment to be administered and I stepped out of the room and wandered into the hospital office. There by merest chance I discovered that the poor girl had "loved not wisely but too well" and in the effort to rid herself of the result had incurred peritonitis. Then I understood. To one with her Methodist background, such an experience could bring only a bitter sense of condemnation. She was facing death with a sin unconfessed and unshriven. She could not bring herself to tell me, a stranger, or her family, for it would break their hearts. No wonder she was comfortless and terrified. What was I to do? I could not intrude upon her self-respect and I could not bring her the assurance of divine forgiveness as long as she believed that I did not know how black the thing was which stood between her and God. And I did not want to wound the family, either.

After a brief deliberation I went over to the parlor where the tearful group was waiting and asked which one of them had been the nearest to her. All agreed that it was one of the sisters. Calling that one aside, I said in substance: "I am going to tell you something that will hurt you, but we must think now not of ourselves, but of the one yonder in pain. I want you to promise me that you will keep this a secret forever." She promised and I disclosed to her the real situation. It was a terrible experience, but that sister rose bravely to meet it and after I finished the brief story, I said: "Now I want you to go into the room, put your arms around your sister and tell her that you know all and forgive all and you are sure God will forgive. And when you are finished, send for me."

In a little while I was summoned, but to a changed room. That sister had fulfilled her mission. In a sacrament of tears and forgiving love, the past was washed away and fear banished. I stood by the bed and repeated familiar and blessed words about God's mercy and love. This time they reached the heart and that family, not knowing why but only aware of a transformation, had the comfort of watching that beautiful girl walk into the valley of the shadow in quietness and peace. What might have been a scene of terror became a sacred farewell.

• *What Being a Good Minister Means*

The sensitive pastor will often encounter patients whose distress has its source in some unrevealed memory or anticipation. No relief can be provided until that troublesome thing has been brought out into the light. It is of little use to offer assurance of forgiveness when the sufferer thinks you do not know how wrong he has been; to talk of confidence when he thinks you have never reckoned with the fear that confronts him; to attempt to inspire faith when the specter of his own doubts has not been laid. To get at these sources of difficulty requires both wisdom and courage, for people are often most reluctant about the things they most need to be rid of. But unless we care enough for folks to make the effort, we are not good ministers of Jesus Christ, who "knew what was in man" and who brought to men and women not the ministrations of a formal piety but the redemption of a courageous and understanding love.

TALKING IT OVER

A DEPARTMENT *of* COMMENT *and* CRITICISM

Pastoral Calling in a Village

SIR: After reading Dr. Stamm's fine article on pastoral calling, I am moved to sit down and send a word of hearty appreciation. It is one of the clearest and most concise statements of the case I have read during my 15 years in the ministry. Dr. Stamm writes from the point of view of a pastor in a metropolitan pulpit. I am writing my endorsement of his views from the point of view of a pastor in a small county-seat town in the middle west, with a church of about 450 members.

In a town of even 8,000 population, where the ties of neighborliness and friendliness are relatively close, I defy any minister to know enough about the individual members of his congregation to be of use to them in time of emergency, if he depends upon a pulpit acquaintance and the casual contacts he may have without special effort upon his part. It is my firm conviction that it cannot be done. Much calling may be inane and a bore to some of us. But if it is, is that not largely our fault? If a pastor bears in mind the conditions of the home to which he goes, he will probably have something helpful that he can leave there.

Men who can preach are making failures of their ministry all over America because they do not make pastoral calls. A pastor may be in the smallest and most limited country parish and still make a glowing success of his ministry, or he may be in the most important city pulpit and make a dismal failure of it, even though many people come to hear him preach. And in each case the success or failure will be due, I believe, to the degree in which he grows into the lives of his people through pastoral calling. I make about 600 calls a

year, and the joy that comes to me out of this experience is absolutely priceless. I have found everything in it that Dr. Stamm emphasized in his excellent article. My prayer is that my people may have received something like as much from it as have I.

ARTHUR R. OATES.
First Presbyterian Church,
Belvidere, Ill.

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The Burning Bush Still Burns!

SIR: May I add my humble, but heart-felt word of appreciation for the new developments in The Christian Century Pulpit. The article by Dr. Stamm, in the December number is worth at least half the year's subscription price. I marvel at the achievements of your editorial sanctum sanctorum. It is clear to me that Chicago has its burning bush of divine revelation no less truly than had Sinai. May the flames continue to send forth their beneficent light across a needy world.

SIDNEY MAYER.
Methodist Church,
Salem, O.

◆ ◆

Is Oratory Out of Date?

SIR: I am glad to see the new Preacher Problems department in your publication. You mention certain problems which you plan to treat; excellent, of course, but I find one important question not mentioned. I refer to the matter of public speaking. I know that the *delivery* of the sermon is not so highly regarded as it once was, but I think this is a great mistake. I know also that it is now a common opinion that the *art* of public speaking cannot be taught. Wrong again. Nothing can be more surely taught.

I think that public speaking—oratory—is the noblest of the arts. Of course I know that the old oratorical manner is not now in favor. Ideal speaking now is perhaps usually thought to be the "natural," conversational style. Very well (though I don't believe it)—what is more difficult than this conversational style?

The Pulpit is splendid. I read every word of every issue.

E. W. RANKIN.
Congregational Church,
South Bridgton, Me.

◆ ◆

Preaching—and Methods

SIR: The Christian Century Pulpit is of fine quality. It is a splendid stimulant to read the magnificent sermons month by month. Dr. Justin Wroe Nixon's in a recent issue was tremendously invigorating. The age of great preaching has not passed. Perhaps the florid eloquence of the past is obsolete, but the straightforward, clear-cut, down-to-date message is an immense advance. The practicality of modern preachers is evident.

I note your announcement of the new Preacher Problems department. Is not this a step in the direction of emphasizing the machinery side of the church—the methods of work?

JOHN R. ELLIS.
Glens Falls, N. Y.

◆ ◆

Funeral Sermons

SIR: May I join the chorus of praise by saying that to me both The Christian Century and the Pulpit have become indispensable?

May I modestly suggest, if you deem it advisable, that sometime you devote an issue of the Pulpit to funeral sermons? If anywhere it seems to me that here we grow stereotyped and depend most frequently upon barrel sermons. But even sermons for funerals have a reason to be modern.

I am delighted with your new department. I am going to try to be a better pastor to my 600 members because of what I have learned from Dr. Stamm's article.

HENRY KOCH.
St. Luke's Evangelical Church,
Louisville, Ky.

◆ ◆

A Rural Preacher Number

SIR: The special numbers of the Pulpit have been of real interest to me and I want to express my thanks for them. Would it not be a good idea to devote one number to rural preachers? A good proportion of our ministers are located in country churches and a special issue of this type would interest them as well as ministers in the city churches.

WALTER WHITE.
Greenville, R. I.

◆ ◆

Life Problems

SIR: I have noted with interest your department on Preacher Problems. It occurs to me that you might be interested in our efforts here at Redeemer Lutheran to help people meet their various life problems.

In addition to work with individuals, we also carry on educational work with various groups. One series of lectures and discussions is carried on with the young people, involving relations with their parents, vocational and educational guidance, sex education, social relationships, etc. A second series has to do with education for marriage, and the third with child development and child-parent relationships. The following topics of the several lectures and discussions in the "marriage" course may suggest something of our approach:

1—Love, its development through the earlier years, its testing, nurture, and fruition. 2—Personality assets and liabilities in marriage. 3—The physical, intellectual, and spiritual aspects of sex. 4—Other factors—health, heredity, finances, recreation, religion. 5—Courtship and the early days of marriage. 6—Continuing adjustments.

Our experience indicates that the educational or preventive work and the corrective or therapeutic work are at their best when carried on simultaneously. We are increasingly of the opinion that some such special effort and technique are necessary if the church is to minister effectively to the needs of people in this rapidly moving age.

LUTHER E. WOODWARD,
Lutheran Church of the Redeemer,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

◆ ◆

Give the Oldsters a Chance!

SIR: Last year you published a number devoted to sermons by younger ministers. How would it do to give the veterans a "place in the sun"? Such men as Dr. A. Z. Conrad, of Park Street church, Boston, who is 74 years old, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, who has passed the 70th milestone, and many others are still active in pulpit service.

Dr. George A. Gordon published a volume of "Sermons of the Fortieth Year" of his pastorate, which proved that his bow still abode in strength.

Perhaps there are not enough of us still preaching regularly, in charge of a parish, to make it worth while, but possibly younger men might be interested to see whether we oldsters have lost touch with their generation.

EDWARD MACARTHUR NOYES.
Tourist Church,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

◆ ◆

Dr. Kinsolving's Sermon

SIR: People who aver that modern preaching is in the "sere and yellow leaf" should read Kinsolving's sermon in the November issue of The Christian Century Pulpit.

In underscoring "quotable" sentences, I discovered that approximately half of the sermon was so marked.

Any man who gives such a message—so timely and vital—stars in the art of preaching, and incidentally helps create the morale which he tells us is so essential to America's future.

In times of financial stress some of us find it necessary to lop off certain publications; but I am keeping the Pulpit in the preferred list.

J. E. ETTER.
Congregational-Christian Church,
Ft. Recovery, O.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, whom we all acknowledge to be the most commanding preacher in America today, first came to wide public attention through the publication of his little book, "The Meaning of Prayer," in 1915. The sermon, "Sidestepping Our Responsibility," was preached from his pulpit in Riverside Church, New York city, November 15, 1931.

You go early—or you do not get in— on Sunday mornings to hear Dr. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE at the First Methodist church, Evanston, Ill., seat of Northwestern university. Dr. Tittle is a genius in interpreting the social gospel so that it has the authority and the "feel" of religion in it. He has recently published another book, "We Need Religion." The sermon, "A World That Cannot Be Shaken," was preached from his own pulpit on October 25, 1931.

Like Phillips Brooks before him, Bishop HENRY KNOX SHERRILL of the diocese of Massachusetts, came to his episcopal position from Trinity church, Boston, where as rector for ten years he carried on the impressive tradition of that great church.

How many of us preachers are in grateful debt to Dr. HALFORD E. LUCCOCK for that stimulating book on "Preaching Values in the New Translations of the New Testament"! Dr. Luccock is professor of practical theology in Yale Divinity school. He came to his present theological professorship from the lowly status of a religious editor, being for some years contributing editor of all the Methodist Advocates!

Even while carrying the work of a full professor in Union Theological seminary, Dr. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN was pastor of one of the most flourishing and intensely active churches in the United States. His work at Madison Avenue Presbyterian church established a great tradition which is still being carried on. No wonder Union made him its president! His sermon, "All the Saints Salute You," was delivered at the seminary chapel on All Saints day, November 1.

For many years—from 1912 to 1926— Dr. G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS was professor of practical theology in Union seminary, and now holds the emeritus relation, and is lecturing and writing, with his home in Honolulu. Dr. Ross was born in Scotland, and received his education there. He has held pastorates in Scotland, England, and in this country, having been ordained in the Presbyterian ministry in 1890.

Rev. FLOYD W. TOMKINS *is rector of* the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia.

Rev. ALBERT EDWARD DAY *is minister* of Christ church (Methodist), Pittsburgh, Pa.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers Are Preaching About

FRANK L. EDWARDS, Union Congregational, Tuckahoe, N. Y. "Recognizable Christians." Acts 4:13—"They recognized them as companions of Jesus." (Goodspeed.)

W. H. BRENGLE, First Baptist, Chillicothe, Mo. "The Poverty of Plenty." Mark 10:22—"He went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."

ROBERT I. WOODAM, First Presbyterian, Starkville, Miss. "Frozen Assets." Matt. 25:18—"And he that had received one (talent) went and digged in the earth and hid his lord's money."

RALPH A. PHILBROOK, St. Luke's Evangelical, Auburn, N. Y. "Perspective in Religion." Matt. 16:23—"Your outlook is not God's, but man's."

RALPH W. SOCKMAN, Madison Avenue Methodist, New York city. "Mastering the Inevitables." John 3:13—"Ye call me master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am."

O. LEONARD JONES, Kendall County (Ill.) Larger Parish. "Depression-Proof Assets." Matt. 6:19-21—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust consume, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where thy treasure is there will thy heart be also."

ERNEST R. PALEN, Reformed (Community), Johnstown, N. Y. "Fireside Monopoly." John 18:25—"Simon Peter stood by the fire and warmed himself."

JOSEPH W. REEVES, Congregational, South Dartmouth, Mass. "Wisdom versus War." Eccl. 10:18—"Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

JESSE K. GRIFFITHS, Mt. Baker Presbyterian, Concrete, Wash. "The Focus of Faith." Heb. 12:2—"Looking unto Jesus."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

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Title of sermon

.....
Text used (Write out the text)

.....
Name of minister

.....
Name of church

.....
Address

Preaching in a Time of Depression

In the FEBRUARY number of The Christian Century Pulpit there will be other sermons that have actually been preached during this "time of depression"—by Hugh Thomson Kerr, Ralph W. Sockman, Charles W. Gilkey and others. A particularly helpful sermon by Thomas B. Roberts, of Trinity Methodist Church, Lima, Ohio, entitled "Faith for the Hour of Storm" will be included. And there will be a Lincoln sermon, too.

Dr. James I. Vance, of First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, will contribute the article for the "Preachers Problems" department. He will treat the question of personal evangelism in a practical, helpful manner.

The February issue will publish also 20 or 25 letters from Pulpit readers—in our new department "Talking It Over."

The MARCH Pulpit will be a special "Lent and Easter Number," with sermons especially adapted to the season—on the Cross, Immortality, the Supremacy of Christ, etc.

Do not miss a single issue of The Christian Century Pulpit—Don't let your subscription lapse!

Do You Preserve Your Copies of THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY PULPIT?

Many subscribers to the PULPIT have written us requesting a binder in which they may preserve the monthly issues as a permanent record and reference file; one that is attractive, durable, and at the same time inexpensive. A well-known bindery in Chicago has built for us just such a binder. Constructed especially for The Christian Century Pulpit, it is made of a new fibre material that is both dustproof and waterproof. It is easy to operate, and carries the name of the publication on the cover. Furthermore, it will hold 24 issues—a two years supply! The cost is $1.00. The coupon is for your convenience in ordering.

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